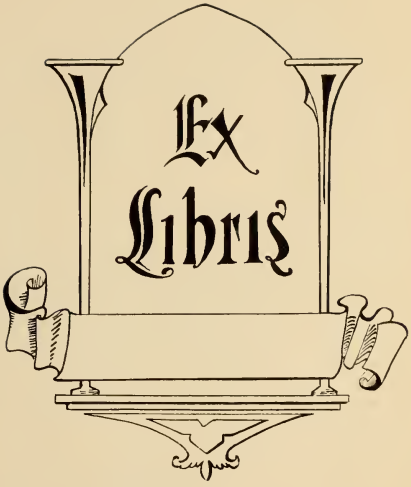
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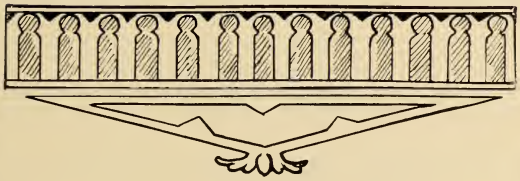
The TRUMPET

1929



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The
TRUMPET
1929
Villa Maria
ERIE PENNSYLVANIA

Dedication

To Villa girls of after years
Who o'er the Trumpet shall shed tears
We dedicate our book so fair;
Perusing its pages will lighten cares
That time will bring in coming days
When, too, they'll write such tuneful lays.

Right Reverend John Mark Gannon D.D. D.C.L. LL.D.

ORDER of BOOK

OPENING SECTION

VIEW SECTION

SENIOR SECTION

CLASSES

LITERARY

ACTIVITIES AND ORGANIZATIONS

FOREWORD

May friendship consecrate these lines,
And memory hold them dear,
And may they oft recall to mind
The girls that wrote them here.
The happy days which here we trace
Years can't defy, nor age efface;
May those who lived the tales they tell
E'er sweetly in your memory dwell.

THE TRUMPET STAFF

Editor-in Chief	Helen Willson
Assistant Editor	Helen Bayer
Business Manager	Ruth Stubler
Assistant Business Manager	Margaret Baker
Society Editors	Alice Schum Margaret Donohue
Sport Editor	Betty Sculley
Art Editors	Sally Selah Gertrude Gallagher
Circulation Manager	Mary Brown

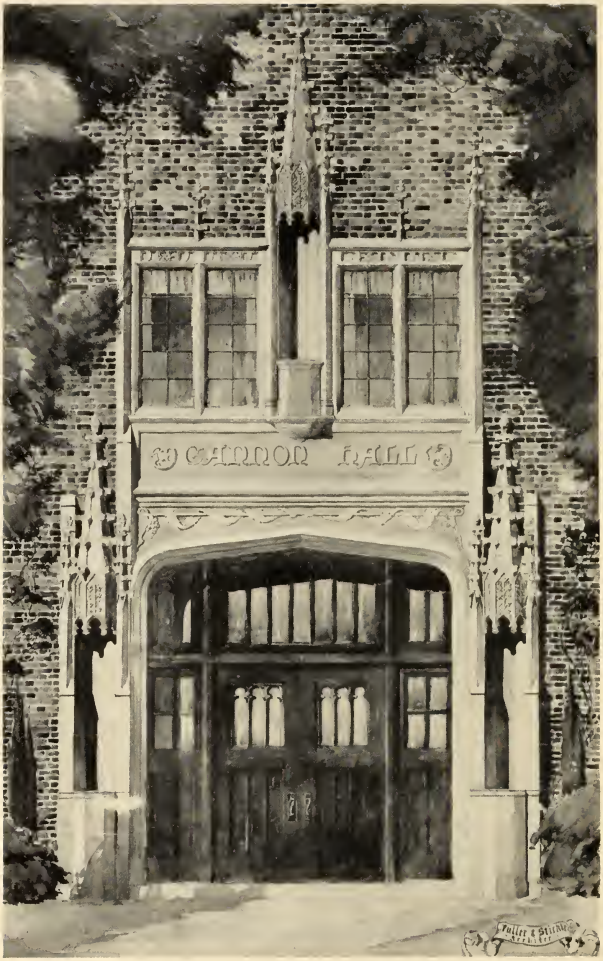
OH TRUMPET! OUR TRUMPET!

Oh Trumpet! Our Trumpet! Our High School days are done;
The class has gained a new renown, the prize we sought is won.
The day draws near, the crowd I hear, our friends for us are cheering;
While follow eyes the Senior class— the class so full of daring.

Oh Trumpet! Our Trumpet! You know how much is lost—
You know— for you have heard our tale, you know the bitter cost.
For you we've toiled and racked our brains— for you we've lavished all our gains,
For you they call, our fellowmen— they're grateful for our pains.

The Trumpet does not heed me, it does not hear my call,
The Trumpet does not answer, my words on mute ears fall.
The book is finished, sure enough, we've done our best,
The Year Book now has left our hands— it's at the printer's press.

M. A. B. '29.


CANNON HALL
Follett & Stilwell

Tower—Our Lady's Chapel

Entrance to Sacristy— Our Lady's Chapel

Where the Old Meets the New

Lobby—Gannon Hall

Our Lady's Chapel

Main Corridor

VILLA BOARDERS

I never knew until they went
How much their laughter really meant;
I never knew how much the place
Depended on each happy face;
How barren school could be and drear
Without its lively boarders here.

I never knew that chair and book
Could wear such sad and solemn look!
That rooms and halls could be at night
So still and drained of all delight.
This school is now but brick and board
Where bits of furniture are stored;
Its halls no longer ring with glee
As in the days that used to be.

My friends have gone to various places,
I miss the sight of all their faces;
I never knew until we parted
That I could ever be so downhearted.
I never realized 'till too late
That loneliness is such a fate.

I never knew 'till mem'ry crowds
Amongst my scattered thoughts and dreams
That everything could be so dull
And all around me lifeless seem.
I wish that I had gone instead
Than seem to live 'mongst the dead.

For where once sat a friend-- right there
I see but now an empty chair.
I never knew until they left
How much their friendship really meant.

H. W. '29

Senior Section

Like ships that pass at night,
These senior days pass on;
Launched in the world's new light,
This class shall be, anon.

1

2

3

4

· 1 ·

HELEN BAYER

She has a trait you cannot miss;
We call it bliss.

PRESIDENT 1
VICE PRESIDENT FRENCH CLUB
SECRETARY 3, 4
PRESIDENT LITERARY CLUB 3

· 2 ·

MARGARET BAKER

A girl among girls. "Do it or die" is her motto

FRENCH CLUB 4
BASKETBALL CLASS TEAMS 3, 4
LITERARY CLUB 3, 4

· 3 ·

CATHERINE BERGIN

Prim, prudent, pretty, peppy, and popular— that's Kay.

SECRETARY 1
TREASURER, FRENCH CLUB 4
LITERARY CLUB 3, 4

· 4 ·

MARY BROWN

Come, give me my diploma, for I want to play.

FRENCH CLUB 4
BASKETBALL VARSITY TEAMS 3, 4
LITERARY CLUB 3, 4

1

2

3

4

· 1 ·

JESSIE CLEMENS

Creates no noise and possesses poise.

Literary Club 3, 4
Spanish Club 4

· 2 ·

ALICE CONNOR

She gives a side glance with two eyes of brown. Beware!

Literary Club 3, 4.
French Club 4

· 3 ·

MARY DONAHUE

Her smile is good to see;
She's cheerful as can be.

Spanish Club 4
Literary Club 3, 4

· 4 ·

GLADYS FLYNN

A sigh to those who love me;
A smile to those who hate me.

Literary Club 3, 4
French Club 4

1

2

3

4

. 1 .

LORETTA GRIFFIN

Mirth rules the day; dull care away!

Orchestra 3
Literary Club 3, 4
Spanish Club 4

. 2 .

GERTRUDE GALLAGHER

To a young heart, everything is fun.

Literary Club 3, 4
French Club 4
Varsity Team 4

· 3 ·

HELENA HEISLER

Her ways are ways of pleasantness.

Literary Club 3, 4
Spanish Club 4

· 4 ·

ELIZABETH JOE

She's always ready to be a friend.

French Club 4
Literary Club 3, 4

1

2

3

4

. 1 .

COLETTA KLEISATH

She's neither shy nor bold, but very self controlled.

Spanish Club 4
Literary Club 3, 4

. 2 .

BERTHA OCHOA

Quiet and diligent is Bertha.

Domestic Science 4

. 3 .

DOROTHY KEIM

When the last bell is ringing she comes in on the run.

French Club 4
Literary Club 3, 4

. 4 .

RUTH LUCKENBILL

Cheerful of spirit and guiltless of affectation.

Spanish Club 4.
Literary Club 3, 4

1

2

3

4

· 1 ·

RUTH LOREI

She has a reserved nature hiding a genial disposition.

Spanish Club 4
Literary Club 3, 4

· 2 ·

ELIZABETH LYONS

Elizabeth is a business lady who tends strictly to her work.

Spanish Club 4
Literary Club 3

· 3 ·

ESTHER McNAMARA

I govern my motives with common sense.

Literary Club 3, 4
Spanish Club 4

· 4 ·

LENA ORLANDO

"Haste makes waste" is Lena's creed.

Literary Club 3, 4
Spanish Club 4

1

2

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4

. 1 .

MARGARET SCHUMACHER

Margaret has a chronic case of "studiosity."

PRESIDENT SPANISH CLUB 4
VICE PRESIDENT LITERARY CLUB 4

. 2 .

ALICE SCHUM

Her good heart makes friends; her disposition keeps them.

SECRETARY LITERARY CLUB 3
FRENCH CLUB 4

· 3 ·

GEMMA PHILLIPS

Work a little, sing a little, and be gay.

LITERARY CLUB 4
SPANISH CLUB 4

· 4 ·

BETTY SCULLEY

Athletics give her snap and pep.

FRENCH CLUB 4
LITERARY CLUB 3, 4
CLASS SECRETARY 4
GLEE CLUB 4
VARSITY TEAM 4

1

2

3

4

. 1 .

RUTH STUBLER

To art I never was inclined.
Methinks, I 're a practical mind.

Class President 2, 3, 4
Literary Club 3, 4
Spanish Club 4

. 2 .

MARETTA TOOLE

It's nice to be natural when you're naturally nice.

Spanish Club 4
Literary Club 4

· 3 ·

HELEN WILLSON

God sent this girl whose mission is to smile

Vice President of Class 4
President of French Club 4

· 4 ·

ANNA WINSLOW

Begins to recite in a resonant voice but ends like the rest.

French Club 4
Literary Club 3, 4

JOTTINGS OF A SENIOR

Taken from Her Memory Book

Freshman Year— 1924-1925

Oct. 22—Initiation! I shudder at the memory of it!

Feb. 12—Our first real party, given in honor of the sophomores. Truly a brilliant success!

Sophomore Year— 1926-1927

Oct. 8—"Revenge is sweet" even if it is wreaked upon innocent victims. Our initiation of the freshmen.

Oct. 20—Our social prestige assured. We were the guests of the juniors at a weiner roast at Waldsmeer! Swimming, singing, and uke playing. We shall never forget the "thrill" of it.

Sept. 29—The old building is now but a memory. Gannon Hall, all shiny and new, is now a reality. We were moved over today— books and pencils and all.

Feb. 14—Crowning our heads with laurels— the freshies entertained their persecutors of October 8th.

Feb. 24—Candy sale. Profits nearly devoured by efficient salesladies.

May 19—Proud hostesses to our sisters, the seniors.

Junior Year— 1927-1928

Oct. —The queenly seniors, in their usual regal manner, sponsored the annual Hallowe'en party. It was the last spooky affair held in the old "gym" —a fitting setting, filled as it is with its "ghostly" memories.

Dec. 8—Candle festival at the grotto. Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

Dec. 9—Basketball game between the seniors and juniors. Seniors were victorious.

Mar. 17—Game with Kingsley on St. Patrick's Day. No wonder we won! Intensely exciting!

Apr. 25—Our party for the whole high school.

June 14—Junior-senior banquet. Certainly a success, but we're still paying for it.

JOTTINGS OF A SENIOR— *Continued*

Senior Year— 1928-1929

Sept. 4—"The beginning of the end."

Sept. 13—Picnic at Villa Joseph. Such a crowd! The whole high school and heaps of teachers were there. We had a glorious time— swimming, eating, etc.

Oct. 23—Hallowe'en party in Gannon Hall refectory. Quite different from last year.

Dec. 18—Visit from the Bishop. Seniors and college students were presented to him at a formal reception held in the lobby.

Dec. 19—School closed. Boarders gave a program instead of the seniors.

Jan. 6—Vacation at an end, and a return to the round of school life once more.

June 5—A grand finale in the form of a junior-senior banquet; how sad it seemed to part with old friends— old faces.

H. B. '29

MIRANDY'S

Many laughing girls— leisurely and wise,
Melodious voices, happy eyes;
Tea in dainty tea cups, ices, macaroons,
Fruit salad and in whipped cream every single noon.
Many big tables, set against the walls,
Windows showing campus whereon the sunshine falls.
Everyone so happy— such good things to eat,
We all go to Mirandy's for 'tis such a treat.

A. McC., '31

CLASS PROPHECY

Aladdin's Lamp was brought to me;
I fondled it, hoping to see
What years had brought to friends so true—
Ah! a vision out of the blue—
I see them, their selected careers,
Dancing as sunbeams on mirrors.

MARGARET BAKER ~ CONSILLI KUHN

These two girls ever wanting to roam,
Have gone at last from out their homes—
In African jungles they roam around
Where strange animals abound.

HELEN BAYER

Helen always witty and gay,
Is coining her wit to earn good pay—
A comedian on the stage is she,
Her life is one that's happy and free.

CATHERINE BERGIN

Catherine always inclined towards "Art"
On the stage has now a very good start;
Art also figures another way
For they're to be married some fine day.

MARY BROWN

Mary in far off gay Paree
No longer Mary, but smart Marie;
Into many hearts she goes prancing,
Exciting the world by her dancing.

JESSIE CLEMENS ~ GEMMA PHILLIPS

Jessie and Gemma, the chemistry students,
Have used their knowledge with much prudence—
Finding a beauty secret rare,
Enabling all to have wavy hair.

CLASS PROPHECY—*Continued*

ALICE CONNORS

Alice always mathematically inclined,
A better teacher we could not find;
With glasses upon her aquiline nose,
She has little thought for modern clothes.

MARY DONAHUE ~ MARETTA TOOLE

These two have opened a style salon,
No doubt success will come quite soon;
Their creations approved by Pie rot,
Assuring them of worthy note.

GLADYS FLYNN

Gladys, an uprising young physician,
Her cures are like those of a magician;
She has aided science by her work,
From which she has never been known to shirk.

GERTRUDE GALLAGHER

Gert, always a serious miss,
Has at last found her special bliss
In playing dramatics;
Her only rival being rheumatics.

LORETTA GRIFFIN ~ ESTHER MCNAMARA

To the age of matrons they've advanced,
And now view childish pranks askance;
They have opened a school for girls and boys,
Before whom they flaunt their new found poise.

BETTY HAINES

Betty is going to be a nun, I see,
And she's just as happy as she can be;
She has chosen the path that leads to peace
Where joy and love will never cease.

CLASS PROPHECY—*Continued*

HELENA HEISLER

Helena is a registered nurse, we hear,
Serving the needy without fear;
A doctor's charming assistant,
She's traveling in countries far distant.

ELIZABETH JOE ~ DOROTHY KEIM

Tired of school they wished to partake
Of new found freedom and awake
To find beauties at which they rapture
And travel o'er the world to capture.

COLETTA KLIESATH ~ ELIZABETH LYONS

These two girls with grown-up ways
Spent many uneventful days;
But lo! a change has taken place,
They and youth now lead the race.

RUTH LOREI

Ruth Lorei, graceful and tall,
Is seen quite often in Gannon Hall;
Swimming instructress now is she,
To every stroke she holds the key.

RUTH LUCKENBILL

Ruth in her reveries did aspire
To capture youths in Spanish attire;
So when a fair knight rode past her door,
She went with him to return no more.

LENA ORLANDO

Lena was always very shy,
Inclined to let the world roll by;
She now orates both far and wide—
Her aim is now the meek to guide.

CLASS PROPHECY—*Continued*

BETTY SCULLEY

Betty, short, fat, and jolly
Has grown thin and has joined the "Follies";
Her beauty all merit will proclaim
And win for her a famous name.

MARGARET SCHUMACHER

Margaret, since living amidst noise,
Has overcome her avoirdupois;
An animal trainer without fear
Of angry howls or menacing leer.

ALICE SCHUM

Her harp that once through Gannon Hall
Sounded alluringly to us all
Has now been still these many years;
For Alice is at college, leading cheers.

BERTHA OCHOA

Bertha, so serious and shy,
You grow to love her as days go by—
A Spanish maid, she is not less,
Deserving a wish for success.

ANNA WINSLOW

Anna, always the athletic type—
In sports has lately come to light;
The teams she coaches have won renown,
And are feared by all the world around.

HELEN WILLSON

A school teacher, so staid and prim,
Never known to profess a whim.
Meek little thing of retiring ways,
She's not the Helen of other days.

CLASS PROPHECY—*Continued*

RUTH STUBLER

Alas, I, the perfect poet
Have lost somehow the art, I know't
So to prose I shall hie me hence
To earn my necessary pence!

R. S. '29

LEARNING LATIN

Once into a class room dreary, while I studied weak and weary
O'er my Latin book so old;
Suddenly there came a scratching, and our teacher nearly napping
Glanced around to see who was so bold
As to wake her from the glory of a revel in Ceasar's story,
But not a thing was to be heard.
Once more to her nap returning, as the pupils went on learning,
Silence reigned within the sunlit room.
Of a sudden came a thumping as of something jumping, bumping,
And I spied a bug upon the wall.
He was fat and he was hairy— he was gruesome. I was wary,
And the teacher without hurry left her place as he did fall
On her book, full open, waiting, and the bug without delaying
Ran from Germany to Gaul.
Was he eager for some learning, was he really quite discerning,
Or was it just a measly yearning for a joke— I don't recall,
For the class without a warning, jumped and squealed—
Their naps that morning sadly lost, because of him.
One ran for a broom— returning, squashed that bug—
And he ceased learning Latin that had died before.

H. WILLSON '29

CLASS WILL

THANK goodness we finished packing our Missionary Barrel even if it did take all day, and the seniors had to hurry home and leave me to check up on the list to make sure everything is in. Goodness knows what the overtaxed missionaries and the benighted heathens of the Villa Maria would do without the Senior's Aid Society to pack them a barrel every June! But I mustn't stand here philosophizing, or I'll never get this gone over before bedtime. Let's see—

1. Menues:

Where are the menues for the junior-senior banquet? I'm sure the junior heathens will enjoy them— especially when they know they are extracts from Sister Bergin's famous books of recipes. I just can't lay my hands on them. Oh, yes, here they are, tied with Sister Sculley's scarf! My heart goes out to the poor heathen, Charlotte Klick, if she has to wear that thing.

2. Deed.

And the deed to the senior room 102. Lawyer Baker drew up the papers, giving the room to the juniors for as long as they've a mind to use it. It won't be for long, I know, for one no sooner gets the heathens half civilized before they up and leave. I can't find that deed, but I'll cross it off anyway.

3.

Here is Sister Luckenbill's Spanish text, and Sister Flynn's chemistry book. I hope the two heathen heirs, Delores Erb and Clara Vickey, are worthy. It certainly was hard for these two seniors to part with their books.

4. Sister Brown's Saxaphone.

I don't have to look for that. I surely pity the rest of the heathens when Betty Bayer gets hold of it. Sister Brown specified Betty as recipient because she heard that Betty has an ample supply of wind.

5.

Alice Connor's 157 excuses for not coming to school! I don't have to turn the barrel upside down to find these. Where is that 157th one? I recollect listening to Sister Toole wearily intoning— "154, 155, 156" as she put them into the barrel, but I don't recall having heard the 157th. I hope she didn't forget that one, because they are for Alice Clancy and Georgia Lamberton, who are said to be connoisseurs of excuses. Oh, well, I'll cross it off! They will have to be satisfied.

CLASS WILL—*Continued*

6.

Sisters Gallagher and Ochoa's box of water colors. I packed that myself, and I noticed the carmine was all used up. I'm speculating on what Gert and Bertha thought heathens like Alice O'Brien and Mary Frances Kessler want with a box of paints without any rouge in it. No sister in the Senior Aid would be seen painting her face green or indigo, and I'll be put out of the Aid before I'll think one of those heathens would either.

7. Sisters Winslow's and Schumacher's Duet.

Thank goodness their softness of heart induced them to donate their favorite to Charlotte Halsy and Clara Kuhn. I've heard that atrocity every morning, noon and night, and I'm sick of it. I trust these two heathens have a questionable taste in music, and also that they don't know the march went out long ago.

8.

Basketball middies trimmed with blue V's. They were packed under my own supervision, and a time I had of it too. I surely thought we'd never squeeze that last middy in; but after we got Sister Winslow to sit on the contents, they went down an inch. The middies go to the athletic girls among the heathens, namely: Fernande Mercier, Frances Froess, Mary O'Neil, Agnes Dober, Violet Scolio, Frances Buttice, LaVerne Ruetter, Mary Virginia Daily, Kathryn Collins, Lois Valentine, Anna Mary Mosier and Carolyn Bonini.

9.

Switch belonging to Sister Clemens. Yes, here it it! It looks sort o' matted, but I guess if Sister Clemens wasn't too proud to wear it, the heathens, Bessie Sheehan and Eva Fahlman, will have no objections to raise. They can tuck it under their own hair, if the shade isn't quite their own.

10. Sisters Lorei and Lyons.

The Senior aid has been annoyed by these two talkative girls, so I willingly send their vocabulary to Helen Hoover, Geraldine Breen, M. Coleman and Catherine Kuntz. These are the four shy little heathens whom we read so much about in the Little Missionary Magazine.

11.

Sisters Orlando and Phillips send their typewriter to Emily Potashi, Madeline Jaeger and Mary Gerzina. This typewriter really isn't in bad condition. The only repairs needed are a new keyboard, carriage renovated, a few ribbons, one or two coats of paint (not red).

CLASS WILL—*Continued*

12.

Sisters McNamara and Donahue leave their Irish accent to Viola Perotta, M. Heintz, Cecelia Brennan and Mary Grappy. We sincerely hope these heathens will find no difficulty in making use of it. I never heard of Irish heathens— that is something new!

13.

Sisters Heisler, Joe, Keim and Kleisath donate their Senior privileges to Agnes Struhar, Rose Calabreese and Dorothy Carrick. We hope these heathens will enjoy leading lines, obtain front seats, and above all, appreciate the due respect shown them by other classes. The seniors won't mind sending these I know. They will hardly miss them.

14. Card of Congratulation.

Now where is that card? Oh, here it is, sticking out of Sister Griffin's Latin book. That's the Aid's congratulation to the Junior class officers for their successful managing of the money needed for the junior-senior war debt— excuse me, I mean the junior-senior banquet.

15.

Sisters Schum and Bayer have donated to the heathens Mary Nash, Margaret Donnely, Betty Betz, Katherine Lee and Marion Weithman, their sweet dispositions. They made these up in capsule form which are easily taken. The directions on the box read: "Take one upon inclination to commit any action that would not be approved by the seniors.

16.

Sisters Willson and Stubler found one of their joint tablets that Sister Willson had hidden for her own use from Sister Stubler. They both finally agreed (on this one thing) that it would be of more use to the two heathens, Helen McCarthy and Myra North, than to themselves. I hope that the girls who get this tablet won't throw it away without looking on the back of the pages. Practically all of these are unsoiled though the front of each page may have been used.

HELEN AND RUTH '29

CLASSES

A happy bevy of girls,
Makes up our charming classes;
Equally gay at work or play,
Are these bright, clever lasses.

JUNIORS— DIVISION I

JUNIOR ROSTRA

Division I

Brennan, Cecelia
Bonini, Caroline
Buttice, Frances
Calabrese, Rose
Carrick, Dorothy
Coleman, Margaret
Dobler, Agnes
Fahlman, Eva
Grappy, Mary
Gerzina, Mary
Heintz, Marion
Hoover, Helen
Klick, Charlotte
Kuntz, Catherine
Lee, Catherine
Nash, Mary
O'Neill, Mary
Pasqualicchio, Louise
Perotta, Viola
Scolio, Violet
Sheehan, Bessie
Struhar, Agnes
Weithman, Marion

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

OUR Junior Year! How quickly it has passed and what memories linger of those days that are no more. Small wonder if we regret that they are over!

In the order of time came the election of the following officers:

President . . . . . Mary Margaret Henry
Vice-President . . . . . Louise Pasquillichio
Treasurer . . . . . Dorothy Hartleb
Secretary . . . . . Beatrice McCabe

The Thanksgiving Party at which we served as hostesses was a very successful and delightful affair being thoroughly enjoyed by all attending.

We did not allow our Christmas vacation to be marred by the thought of oncoming examinations which brought to a close the first semester of this happy year.

Not the least event in importance was the appearance upon the scene of Mademoiselle Diane Le Joure, our French doll for which we sold chances.

On March 19th, we entertained at a very successful card party, held in the home of Dorothy Hartleb. For the success of this party much praise is due to the following: Mrs. Peter Hartleb, Mrs. Leo McCabe, Mrs. M. J. Henry, Mrs. Francis Quinn, Mrs. Geo. Bach and Mrs. Chas. Osborne.

Under the direction of the President, Dorothy Hartleb, the Literary Club held many profitable and enjoyable meetings. Our Junior Glee Club and Junior Spanish Club both under the direction of Miss Weiss gave several programs during the year.

The crowning feature of our social ventures was the Junior-Senior banquet, which brought to a close a memorable year.

Yes, our Junior year is over, but it's trail will wind in our memories and beckon us back to our Alma Mater for years and years. M. M. H., '30

JUNIORS— DIVISION II

JUNIOR ROSTRA

Division II

Bayer, Betty	Kestler, Mary Frances
Betz, Betty	Kuhn, Clara
Breene, Geraldine	Lamberton, Georgia
Clancy, Alice	McCabe, Beatrice
Collins, Kathleen	McCarthy, Helen
Daily, Mary Virginia	Mercier, Fernande
Donnelly, Margaret	Mosier, Anna Mary
Erb, Dolores	North, Myra
Froess, Frances	O'Brien, Alice
Hartleb, Dorothy	Potaski, Emily
Halsey, Charlotte	Reutter, LaVerne
Henry, Mary Margaret	Valentine, Lois
Jaeger, Madeline	Vickey, Clara

The SOLILOQUY *of the* CLASSROOM CLOCK

"HO-HUM! My Goodness! I am so sleepy. It is nearly 8:30. Soon I shall hear the footsteps of girls coming down the hall," droned the classroom clock.

"There they come now. See the dignified seniors leading the lines. How proudly they hold their heads as they march along! Some of these fair maidens look so tired and weary, others appear as fresh as spring flowers. No doubt the latter are eager to begin the day. See how they smile 'good morning' to me!

"Lo! all is still. 'Tis time for prayer. Burrr-r-r all is astir! Again the corridors resound as classes pass in and out. Oh! yes, this is an algebra section. Now I shall hear those 'a's, b's, and x's'. Evidently from the distressed look that girl in the fifth seat is giving me she is worried over my forty-five minutes traveling so slowly: Will she not give a sigh of relief when I burrr-r-r? How I wish the teacher would call on her. Burrr-r-r! Now see her smile. I wonder if she will scowl at my brother in the next room.

"No chance for me to take a little nap while these classes are moving about. I'll just have to wait and be patient until after three o'clock. But should there be some naughty student who must remain after dismissal, I shall change my expression. They need not look at me for relief. Girls! will I not make my hands move slowly?"

S. S. '29

Sophomore Class—Division I

SOPHOMORE ROSTRA

Division I

Alberstadt, Rita Claire
Baltimore, Mary
Baltimore, Anna
Bloski, Mary
Casey, Catherine
Cipallo, Rose
Catrombone, Mary
Conti, Marian
Dionisio, Margaret
Doerrler, Virginia
Eiswirth, Pauline
Flanagan, Dorothy
Heinlein, Thecla
Hakrins, Anna
Joint, Lucille
Jeannin, Alice
Kaiser, Grace
Klick, Lucile
Lovas, Anna
La Price, Theresa
Mahoney, Laberta
McCallion, Marie
Nuccerino, Anna
Nelligan, Margaret
Pfister, Betty
Perotta, Margaret
Szczpanski, Marie
Spiesman, Helen
Sheehan, Catherine
Strotman, Georgia
Winoski, Anna
Wagner, Mabel

SOPHOMORE NOTES

THE present year has been interesting for the Class of 1931 in every way. Many events have taken place; some of which we are quite proud of and others of which we speak in subdued tones.

Perhaps the exams which seemed so numerous might be placed under the latter head. These were met with an extensive cramming but things look brighter now.

Among the more pleasant recollections, belong the annual initiation of the freshies. No matter if our reception was not met with favor by the freshmen, all our clamped down feelings from the year before were allowed to flow freely, and the memories of our triumph will be always remembered.

All differences were forgotten and comradeship was restored when the freshies sponsored a party in our honor. This was held on February 13th, and will be cherished in the memories of our sophomore year.

Under the guidance of a splendid set of officers, the class has enjoyed a very successful year. Those who are steering our class ship to a perfect end are:

President . . . . . Rita Claire Alberstadt
Vice-President . . . . . Helen Spiesman
Treasurer . . . . . Thecla Heinlein
Secretary . . . . . Grace Kaiser

Our sophomore year will come to a grand finale with the class being hostesses at a party to be given in honor of the senior class. R. C. A. '31

Sophomore Class—Division II

SOPHOMORE ROSTRA

Division II

Anshutz, Grace
Angert, Maratha
Barry, Helen
Badeson, Helen
Brinig, Jean
Brutcher, Helen
Carson, Gertrude
Diotallevi, Lucille
Donahue, Margaret
Eisert, Madeline
Flanigan, Genevieve
Flynn, Isabel
Gannon, Mary
Gerbracht, Catherine
Hess, Remle
Heald, Roberta
Kiem, Esther
Kearny, Betty
Kinney, Betty
Lawson, Laetitia
Liebel, Mildred
Leary, Betty
Mayo, Vera
McCloskey, Anita
Murphy, Eileen
Mullin, Isabel
Regan, Mary
Regan, Margaret
Wittman, Audrey
Weindorf, Audrey
Tullio, Elizabeth

THIS year had been really most uneventful. Our class officers were elected at the first of the year as follows:

President . . . . . Remle Hess

Vice-President . . . . . Grace Anshutz

Secretary . . . . . Vera Mayo

Immediately we made plans for the freshman initiation which was held one afternoon just before Thanksgiving. The officers of both divisions officiated and after the ceremonies ice cream and candy were served to the honored "freshies."

Many of the sophomores attended a party given in their honor on St. Valentine's Day.

The sophomore divisions I and II are making plans for a party, to be held towards the end of the year, in honor of the seniors. This party will be the largest contribution of the sophomores toward the school's social calendar and will of course mark a finis for the class work for this year.

FRESHMEN

FRESHMEN ROSTRA

Barry, Cecilia
Bauer, Dorothy
Becht, Mary Ann
Betz, Isabelle
Brunner, Margaret
Courtright, Mary
Crotty, Virginia
Dudenhoeffer, Theresa
Dundon, Betty
Eisert, Lavina
Eisert, Cecelia
Hahn, Margaret
Holden, Marion
Honard, Marion
Kiehlmeier, Bernice
Lang, Aldine
McQuillion, Helen
Ralston, Kathryn
Sittinger, Margaret
Snyder, Julia
Thompson, Lavancha
Carroll, Mary
Cleary, Margaret
Collins, Helen
Crowley, Irene
Devine, Mary Grace
Forsythe, Claire
Heustis, Marjory
Horne, Geraldine
Kertesz, Mary
Lawrence, Florence
MacKrell, Margaret
Mascharka, Adelaide
McCallion, Ruth
McCarthy, Annabel
Reilly, Marion
Ross, Eleanor
Ruth, Anna
Smith, Margaret
Thompson, Marie
Yochim, Leona
Youngman, Martha

FRESHMEN NOTES

OUR freshmen year passed all too quickly. It seemed to possess wings. It seems such a short time ago that we entered the stately Gannon Hall to resume our studies to a higher degree. One day, after a few weeks of school we were surprised to find the sophomores crowding into our room. This meant the long waited for and greatly feared initiation. Each husky soph had to her care one delicate freshie, and she certainly did not neglect her charge as we each secretly hoped might be the case. To the amusement of the whole school, we were made to perform, while blindfolded, and you can imagine the humorous result.

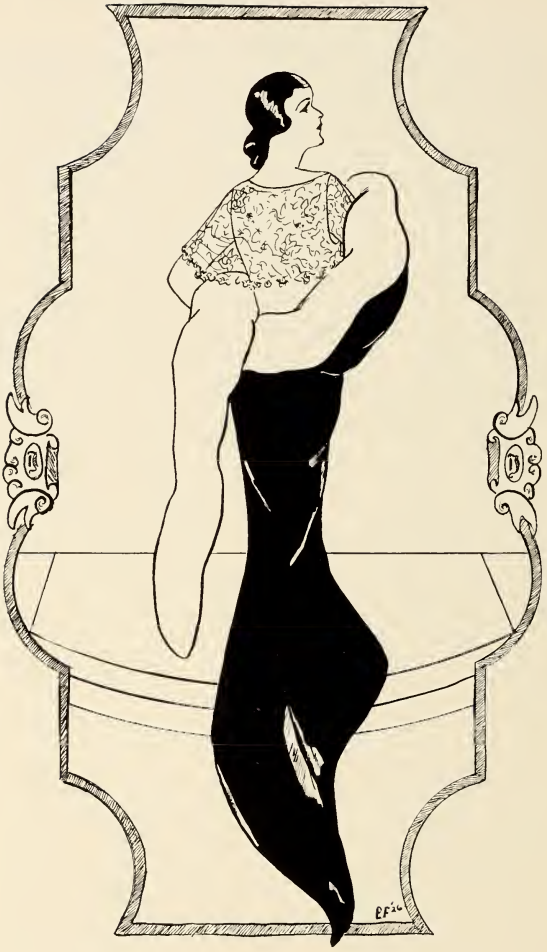
We entertained the sophomores at a Valentine party, February 11. The program consisted of dancing, singing, banjo playing, speaking and best of all— eating.

Election of class officers took place with the following result:

President . . . . . Cecilia Barry
Vice-President . . . . . Geraldine Horn
Secretary . . . . . Mary Grace Devine

One of the most important events so far in our short high school life has been the procuring of our class rings. We're all so very proud of them.

G. H. and M. G. D., '32



DRAMATICS

SHAKESPEARE

SHAKESPEARE'S life, as well as Shakespeare's character, is all a matter of conjecture. We can only guess as to what his life may have been, and are just as uncertain as to his character.

We have tried to find what type of man he was by studying his plays and sonnets, but find ourselves in a chaos of contradictions. We cannot be sure that what he has made his characters say and do are what he would have said or done under similar circumstances, or whether his was the aim of the true artist— that is, to please. Some critics maintain that his many-sided characters were the children of his brain, that he was outside superior to all of them; while others maintain that it is the man Shakespeare that speaks out of his own passions, grief, jealousy, revenge and despair. All drawn from his own sad experience. However, we cannot doubt that, although he may have aimed to please the public and not to reveal himself, he could not fail to make his characters portray, in a measure at least, his own qualities, his own feelings.

Shakespeare was, all must agree, a profound thinker, and a thorough investigation and analysis of his thoughts cannot fail to be a great benefit to the careful student. He can read the very mind of Shakespeare and weave the poet's thoughts so thoroughly into his own mind that these thoughts become his own. And well may the student make these thoughts his own, for, reading Shakespeare is like examining Nature, there is no insincerity, no imperfect work. He is as exact and original as Nature itself.

Coleridge made him a sort of demi-god, a hero with all possible perfections, and his opinion was accepted for almost a century. But tradition paints a different picture— a human being with all a human being's faults and weaknesses— a man even dissolute in his habits. We know that he came from a good family of moderate circumstances, and that reverses in their fortunes prevented him from continuing his studies. Although he spent much of his early years in idleness and carousing, he acquired deep learning in some way— probably through association. His uncanny insight into the human mind, his almost miraculous knowledge of its most mysterious workings could only have been gained through contact. His characters are all of the wealthy class. He does not seem to consider the common people worthy of notice. This is really pathetic. To what glorious heights could a man, gifted as he undoubtedly was, have climbed if he had diverted his genius toward the masses?

Some critics, by arranging his plays in the order in which they were written, attempt to show the change in Shakespeare's character through his characters. That

SHAKESPEARE— *Continued*

his unhappy marriage to Anne Hathaway had a decided influence upon his whole literary life, we cannot fail to believe, but we feel that perhaps the world would never have had such glorious tragedies had the man Shakespeare not suffered. The vein of kindness running through all his plays might, or might not have been, his own tenderness. It is certain he showed none of it to his poor wife, Anne Hathaway. Many as ert he conceived a terrible passion for Mary Fitton, a woman whose soul, critics affirm, was the soul of Cleopatra, of Queen Gertrude, and of other wicked women Shakespeare depicted. Some of the lines in his plays show plainly his disillusion concerning the fair sex.

"Frailty, thy name is woman."
"Tis brief, my lord, as woman's love."

From the following plays, arranged in order, a rough estimate of the man might be gained— "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Romeo and Juliet" and "Hamlet". The first named, written when Shakespeare was about thirty, is full of mirth and comedy, of romance and fancy, and shows clearly the brilliancy and beauty of Shakespeare's mind. So many people think of this man as writing nothing but deep, morbid, melacholy things. This alone proves the contrary. It is a delicate and fanciful tale, written by a man in a wonderfully happy frame of mind.

Then comes "Romeo and Juliet" and we begin to see his superb genius as a writer of tragedy. Romeo is Hamlet in love— both are dreamers, never men of action. Romeo's consuming passion is his love for Juliet, and around the tragic and ill-fated love of these two is woven the whole story. Romeo is the man destined to be unlucky in everything he undertakes. No matter what he might have attempted we feel his fate would have been the same. His motives and intentions are misunderstood, and without meaning to, he involves those he loves in his own sad misfortunes. If we would believe that Shakespeare reveals himself in his works, we must feel that the love of Romeo for Juliet was his own before his disillusionment.

Then we look at "Hamlet." Here we come to a clearer conception of Shakespeare. The doubts and misgivings about the future and immortality are, in all probability, Shakespeare's own, for this was at a time when the Renaissance had just touched England and the whole world was torn with confusion and uncertainties. We must not, however, believe that Hamlet was Shakespeare entirely— Oh, no— he is like Shakespeare only in his varying moods and his tragic sufferings, which were written when Shakespeare's own sorrows were keenest. And we must not forget that Shakespeare was infinitely above Hamlet. H. C. B., '29

A DETECTIVE STORY

AFTER four years of reflection, I believe I have found my vocation. It happened in such a strange way that I am sure it is a work of fate.

I had been reading the "Greene Murder Case"; and I had become quite interested in the excellent detective story. In fact I even imagined I was one of the detectives on the case. A few days later my chance came to try out my new found skill.

For at least three months, every Sunday morning, at exactly 11:45 o'clock the door would open stealthily in the study hall and a beckoning hand would appear. Alice O'Brien would arise, go towards the outstretched hand and disappear. I would question her on her return, but she would only mumble under her breath. These mysterious actions aroused my curiosity, so I bought a small black note book and set to work. Once again I questioned Alice in the guise of mere conversation and gained (without her knowledge) the required information.

I had stumbled upon a clue at last. I had in my book, notes such as the height, weight, and age of Alice's father. I decided the next step would be to visit the Union Interurban Station in order to learn the schedule of the buses running between Chicago and Erie. The tangled web was gradually unraveling. After much serious study of all my accumulated information, I reached the conclusion that it was Alice's father who came every Sunday. Yes! he was a bus driver; that accounted for the regularity of the hour.

Alice's guilt was readily discerned as I fired this accusation at her. The secret was hers no longer. It belonged to the whole school.

R. S. '29

SCENE IN BOARDERS' REFECTORY

Alice (coming late to the table): "What do we have for dinner today?"

Ruth (giving Alice a look that had squelched many a senior. Not so this bold, young junior): "Alice, you've been here all your life. What do we always have on Wednesdays?"

Alice: "Oh, well, I thought they might think it was Sunday. May I have some food, please?"

Tish: "Alice, did you hear what—

Alice: "Anytime you're through playing with the sugar, Anita, I'd like it. Rolls? No, I didn't hear anyone ask for them. Go on, Tish, I'm listening. What did you think I was doing?"

Anita: "No, Pony, you may have that piece of bread; certainly I want another piece but I'm waiting for the fresh bread. Sugar, please. Sorry, Betty, Helen asked for the salt first."

Helen: "Use it on the way up, Betty, but leave a little for me. My tonic? No, Sister, I haven't taken it yet, but I will. (Here, Alice, hurry and drink this medicine. Yes, drink the milk, too, but don't let her see you). Sister? Oh, yes, I'm sure the tonic has helped me. (Stop laughing, Ruth, or she'll catch on)."

Alice (eyeing the tuna fish longingly, and hurriedly eating that on her plate): "You can't eat any of this, Helen, you're playing basketball tonight."

Helen (with resolved air): "Game or no game, I'm eating my dinner. I'll suffer later. Are we broke, Ruth? Let's get some candy."

Ruth: "Give me that bread. Take a piece of your own. I'm sick of your eating your own dinner and part of mine. I'm going to beat Bertha to that piece of cake that's simply laden with frosting. Ask Pony if she's going to eat all of her butter."

Pony: "And my grandmother kept asking what piece the orchestra was playing even after I answered her "Who?"

Alice: "What orchestra—

Ruth: "For goodness sakes be still, Alice. You've heard that story before—and will again. You bring it on yourself, and the rest of us."

Pony: "Listen. My young brother—

Anita: "Bread, please!"

Helen: "I want a drink of water."

Sister: "Drink the rest of your milk, Helen."

Ruth: "Here, change glasses with me. Alice is too busy with her tuna fish."

Alice: "It's presupposed that we're through. Let's go, Sister. There's nothing more to eat."

H. Willson, '29

THE BOARDERS' LAMENT

OH, to be a day pupil! Of course, boarding at the Villa does have its advantages, such as, when, on a rainy day, day pupils arrive muddy and splatter while the boarders merely have to walk downstairs to class, dry and warm. Merely, did I say? And warm, did I say? Well, hardly. After dragging themselves out of bed before daylight, eating in an ice cold refectory and shivering through a dreary, sleepy study hour, the boarders come to class.

Oh, to be a day pupil! After Easter vacation many girls arrived a day late. Those that came on time were permitted to leave school two periods early one day in the following week while the tardy ones had class. Needless to say the day pupils felt hurt; those who underwent the punishment. The boarders thought it wasn't bad. But lo! That was not the end for them. They were campused for two weeks. But the two senior boarders were in luck. The year book being in progress, these two girls were sent out to solicit ads. But, oh, they just got out of that when they were "in" again. Refusing to go to a concert one evening, they were informed that no permissions would be granted for movies, etc.

Oh, I wish I were a day pupil.

"SOUR GRAPES"

I envy not, in any way,
Scholars coming here by day;
To be a boarder is at times
The lesser of many crimes.

Nor they, who call themselves blest,
Why they haven't even got rest,
They think we would like to be free
To wander about until three.

But all of us know that night air
Is not good if one would be fair.
After these things, more than before,
I'm glad I'm a boarder still more.

R. S. '29

PRIVATE ROOM SCANDALS

EVERYTHING was in readiness for the big feast. There had been much whispered consultation going on all day. A few more minutes and the fun would be in full swing. Every one was anxious. The ice cream had been placed on the window sill in a vain attempt to keep it hard; the crackers, cheese, fruit, and sandwiches were in the bath tub. In the waste basket, cleverly concealed, were pickles, olives, candy, nuts, and potato chips. Everything was arranged to the most minute detail.

All were ready for bed in record time, much to the surprise of the suspicious mistress. It wasn't difficult to guess that something was up, when, finally, with the long waited for signal— "Lights out", no girl was found loitering in the hall or begging for just one more minute in which to tell a friend some bit of forgotten news that could not possibly wait 'till morning.

Silence like the stillness of death prevailed for about fifteen minutes, at the end of which doors up and down the hall quietly opened, figures, ghostly and silent, stole forth and into one certain room. There they were received in a most mysterious manner. When all were assembled in shivering, nervous groups, Edith broke the silence with the old familiar words, "When do we eat?"

Food was brought forth. Girls were everywhere, perched on bed, desk, window-sill, radiator— in fact, every available place was taken. There was much whispered gaiety. Requests were made for pickles, cake, olives, and even for things that weren't there. Every good party must end, even this.

The door opened, silently. As the shaft of light from the hall shot into the room, things became a panic and a turmoil. Chairs were overturned, olives rolled at random, ice cream spilled, knives clattered to the floor, and before Sister could ejaculate in surprise, chagrin, anger or what not, "Girls— order!" everyone had disappeared.

With great pomposity the mistress stepped into the room, stumbled over an object. Regaining her equilibrium with dignity, in a stern voice of authority she commanded, "Get up from that floor, immediately." Upon receiving no response, Sister investigated and discovered said object to be nothing but a harmless suit case— one of the guest's improvised seats.

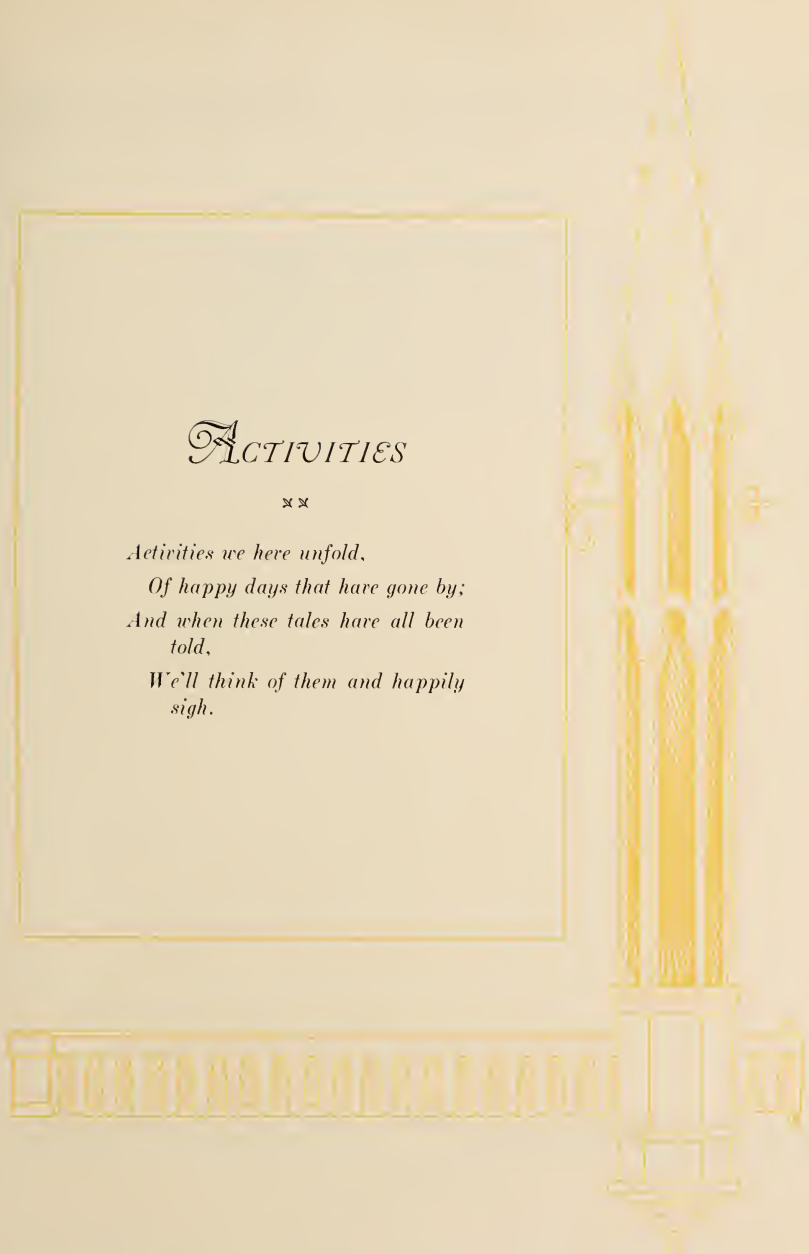
An unsuccessful attempt to stifle a giggle gave away the hiding place of three of the merry makers, who were dragged sheepishly from beneath the bed. This discovery was followed by others. Several were dragged from beneath the desk, two from back of the door, and several from wardrobes. There was some difficulty in extracting Anita from beneath the dresser, and two girls who had resorted to the tub as a place of hiding were the lucky ones. They were not discovered.

H. W., '29

Activities

⁂

Activities we here unfold,
Of happy days that have gone by;
And when these tales have all been told,
We'll think of them and happily sigh.



MARCH OF EVENTS

ON September 4th, school was opened for the ensuing year. Willingly the students assembled in the various classrooms, little realizing what was to be expected of them during the year.

The social year for the Academy students began with an outing, September 14th, at Villa Joseph, the summer place of the Sisters.

The biggest event in the life of the freshies occurred October 24th, when they were initiated by the sophomores. An amusing display of dramatic, vocal, and other talents were shown. The poor freshies, we may well suppose, were thankful when the trying ordeal was over. A bountiful feast followed.

The senior class played hostess to the entire high school on October 29th, at the annual Hallowe'en party, amidst the typical weird setting.

The juniors were next in line for social activity. November 26th, they gave a Thanksgiving party in the beautiful Gannon Hall dining room.

December 16th, was the date of the social hour, when the following girls took part: Ruth Stubler, Betty Bayer, LaVerne Reutter, Mary Frances Kestler, Betty Sculley, Helen Willson and Margaret Baker.

Bishop Gannon paid his yearly visit to the school on December 18th. Mass was celebrated in Our Lady's Chapel, which was attended by the college, high school, and grade students. Following the Mass, the seniors had the honor of meeting the Bishop personally.

Christmas entertainment took form in a short play by Ruth Stubler, Helen Willson, Isabel Mullen, Helen Bayer, Alice O'Brien, Mary Courtright, Letitia Lawson, Anita McCloskey, Aldine Lang, Betty Betz, Winifred Milks, Harriet Carrol, Rose Marie Rannigan, Marjorie Hustis and LaVanche Tompkins.

MARCH OF EVENTS—*Continued*

Beginning March 1st, a series of interesting programs were given over the radio. These were broadcast over station WRAK to acquaint the public with the splendid course of instructions now available at the Villa Maria. The programs included piano, harp, violin, and organ selections, besides the very interesting talks given by Dr. Wehrle.

St. Patrick's Day was celebrated March 15th, with a delightful program which included jokes, songs and dances. The programs given by the Literary Society are always anticipated with much interest, and this one was no exception.

A large audience greeted the harp students on March 18th, when their yearly recital was given.

Ruth played "Believe me"—
And believe me she played it—
With all her endearing young charms.

Then Helen, with quiet ease and grace,
Beside the harp took her place—
"The Swan" she so ably rendered,
And to her much praise was tendered.

Alice played the tunes she loves,
Two Irish Folk Songs, dear to all,
Whose merry lilting sweet refrains
E'en now echo softly throughout the hall.

An afternoon and evening benefit card party was given through the courtesy of Miss Dorothy Hartleb '30, at her home, on March 19th, for the junior class. It was a grand success, both from a social and financial standpoint.

An eventful date for Mother Helena, benefiting Gannon Hall, was a successful card party held February 5th.

The former Commerical students of the Villa also sponsored a delightful bridge party on April fourth.

On April 9th, the Alumnae Card Party was held in Gannon Hall.

A. S. and M. D. '29

VILLA MARIA GREGORIAN CLUB

THE Gregorian Choir organized by Miss Adelaide M. Weiss in January 1928, has been making rapid strides in the art of Liturgical Music. The rendition of their first High Mass "In Festis B. Mariae Virgines (cum jubilo)" took place in "Our Lady's Chapel" May first, during the girls' annual retreat. Some excerpts of this mass were broadcast over WRAK the following Sunday.

The choir was again heard in the chapel when they sang at the College and High School commencement masses June 9 and 16. On these occasions the mass "In Festis Ss. Cordis Jesu" was sung.

The following is a list of members:

Directress— Adelaide M. Weiss.

Betty Bayer, Geraldine Breene, Margaret Coleman, Mary Margaret Henry, Dolores Erb, Mary Virginia Daily, Frances Froess, Dorothy Hartleb, Madeline Jaeger, Mary Frances Kestler, Clara Kuhn, Fernande Mercier, Anita McCloskey, Beatrice McCabe, Emily Potoski, LaVerne Reutter, Margaret Regan, Betty Sculley, Anna Mary Mosier, Helen Hoover, Mary O'Neill.

VILLA MARIA GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club which is made up of the same members as the Gregorian Choir was also organized by Miss Weiss in 1928. Several interesting programs were given during the year, and they were also heard occasionally over WRAK.

BASKETBALL

The first game the Villa played was against Central Night School, from whom they won with the score:

Central Night School— 4 Villa— 54.

A return game was played at Central High. The Villa girls were again easily victorious.

Central— 6 Villa— 59

A number of games were played between the Academy girls and the Villa girls. Although the Villa fought hard, Academy High girls were the winners of the majority of these games.

One of the biggest games of the season was the Bradford - Villa game. After a hard fought battle, the Villa was victorious. Thirty Bradford girls stayed here over the week-end, and it was a successful trip for them socially, if not otherwise. The score was:

Bradford— 14 Villa— 19.

The return game was played in Bradford. The Villa suffered defeat in this game, although they fought hard for victory. After the game the Villa girls were entertained together with the "Prep" boys, who also played in Bradford the same night.

Bradford— 22 Villa— 2.

The next big game scheduled was played at Corry. The Corry girls won the laurels.

Corry— 25 Villa— 15.

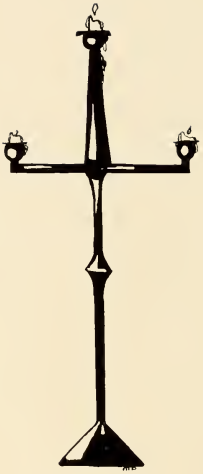
SPORTSMANSHIP

A sport isn't real, a game isn't won,
If in victory or defeat we find just one
Who doesn't possess what she really needs—
If she flares up at unjust acts or deeds,
Or censures the fairness of certain plays;
Or shows at all disdain in other ways.
Perhaps it's easy to say, "Be a sport,"
But it isn't so easy to be this sort.
Now the Villa in games has always won,
For in victory or defeat we find not one
Who has forgotten herself and said
Anything that might cause her to bow her head.
Now whenever you recall the games we played
Remember the spirit we always displayed,
And let's hope that through life we'll do the same—
For what is life but just another game.

Betty Sculley, '29

LITTLE CHARACTERIZATIONS

Baker— *Nobody Worries about Me.*
Bayer— *Don't Wake Me Up. Let Me Dream.*
Bergin— *Hum Your Troubles Away.*
Brown— *I Gotta Get Myself Somebody to Love.*
Clemens— *Neopolitan Nights.*
Connor— *Gone Again Girl.*
Donahue— *Me, too.*
Flynn— *I Fa Down and Go Boom.*
Gallagher— *My Wild Irish Rose.*
Griffin— *She Was Just a Sailor's Sweetheart.*
Heisler— *It's a Wonderful World After All.*
Keim— *There's Nothing on My Mind.*
Kleiseth— *Let It Rain, Let It Pour.*
Lorei— *Wistful and Blue.*
Luckenbill— *I'm Walking Around in Circles.*
Joe— *Where Did You Get Those Eyes?*
Lyons— *Lonely Eyes.*
McNamara— *There's Only One Pal After All.*
Orlando— *My Castle in Spain.*
Phillips— *Mia Bella Rosa*
Schum— *Girl of My Dreams.*
Schumacher— *I'll Get By.*
Selah— *I'm Just Rollin'.*
Toole— *What Does It Matter?*
Sculley— *My Old Girl's My New Girl Now.*
Stubler— *You'll Never Know How Wonderful You Are.*
Willson— *That's What I Call a Pal.*
Winslow— *Just a Bird's Eye View.*



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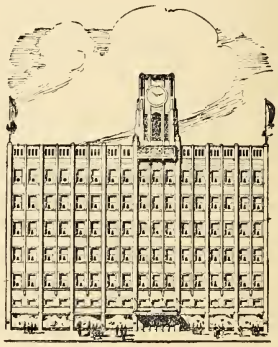

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